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*POETIC TRIFLES,*  
BY JOHN HENRY MILLS,  
COMEDIAN.

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# POETIC TRIFLES,

BY

JOHN HENRY MILLS.

COMEDIAN.

---

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;  
When great things lab'ring perish in their birth.

SHAKSPEARE, L. L. L.

.....

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash,  
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;  
Some rhyme to court the country-claak,  
Or raise a din ;  
For me, wha aye I ne'er fash ;  
I rhyme for fun.

B. BURNS.

---

BALTIMORE :

PRINTED BY G. DOBBIN & MURPHY, 10, MARKET-STREET,

FOR COLE & I. BONSAI,

.....

1808.

B 2 10



NOV 25 1904  
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# THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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*DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, to wit.*

BE IT REMEMBERED....That on the seventh day of June, in the thirty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL COLE & ISAAC BONSAI, of the said district have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit :—"POETIC TRIFLES, BY JOHN HENRY MILLS, COMEDIAN

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Die in the zeal of that which it presents,  
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Or raise a din ;  
For me an aim I never fash ;

I rhyme for fun.

..... R. BURNS."

IN conformity to an act of the Congress of the United States of America, entitled....,"An act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

PHILIP MOORE,

*Clerk of the District of Maryland.*



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1848

# POETIC TRIFLES.

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## FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. WOODHAM, NOV. 2, 1807,

THEATRE BALTIMORE.

.....

**THE** scenic fictions done, my task is o'er,  
And yet to view my friends I come once  
more ;

Not now to play an author's *studied* part,  
I now a real feeling would impart,  
The pow'rful throbbings of a grateful heart.

“Two years on wings of down have scarce  
flown o'er,”

Since first I trod your hospitable shore,  
And in that time, ~~my hours did minutes~~ seem,  
The happy minutes of some heavenly dream ;  
With joy I think on how I have been blest,  
Lived in your favour, by your smiles carrest,  
And in your bosoms found a place of rest.

These are sweet joys, that have too quickly  
flown,

And now once more into the world I'm  
thrown ;

\* As some poor bird, who's mate stern fate  
has maim'd,

Flies from the covey 'till its strength's re-  
gain'd ;

And in seclusion passes the dull hours,

'Till health shall kindly renovate its powers :

So I, by conjugal affection borne,

Am with my mate from your protection torn.

---

\* Alluding to Mr. Woodham's illness, which occasioned her leaving Baltimore.



But when the gay return of rosy spring,  
Shall with it ruddy strength and vigour bring,  
How will our breasts with joyous pleasure  
burn,

To meet the smiles of friends on our return ;  
That hope shall cheer us on our weary way,  
And make the dreary hours seem ever gay.

And now my friends farewell, a short fare-  
well,

May peace, joy, happiness amongst you dwell ;  
May you !—but oh, I cannot now reveal,  
The soft emotions I this moment feel.—  
Farewell my friends !—perhaps a last adieu—  
But oh, this heart will ever think of you.

## PARODY

ON

R. BURNS'S MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

.....

WHEN lovely spring, with smiling train,  
Fresh cloth'd each plain and tree ;  
One heavenly morn I wander'd forth  
Along the banks of Dee.  
I met a maid, upon whose brow  
Sat love with mirth and glee,  
Before whose lovely beauteous form  
All sadness seem'd to flee.

She said, young stranger, whither stray'st,  
Is't sadness to beguile,  
Or dost thou wander out with me  
To court fair pleasure's smile.  
If thou for happiness dost seek,

And bliss on bliss would'at pile ;  
 Ne'er quit the substance for the shade,  
 But catch each joy the while,

The sun, that now with lustre decks,  
 The dew drops on the spray,  
 I've seen how many a time return,  
 Fresh gracing and more gay.  
 The peasants catch the genial glow—  
 New joys within them burn ;  
 And every child of nature owns,  
 Man ne'er was made to mourn.

O man! why waste thy youthful days  
 In sorrow, sadness, grief ?  
 For every thought of ill thou know'st  
 Sweet mirth will find relief.—  
 To every misery thou feel'st,  
 Let pleasure give a turn ;  
 For nature shews a thousand ways,  
 Man ne'er was made to mourn.

Think of thy spring of life, when joy  
By nature's law, should reign ;—  
Nor suffer dull phlegmatic powers  
To change that joy to pain.  
Glide sweetly hand in hand with bliss,  
'Till drawn near death's dark bourne,—  
E'en then thy happy end will prove,—  
Man ne'er was made to mourn.

A few by cruel fate sore driv'n,  
In grief's hard fetters lay,—  
Yet think not all who sigh and moan,  
Might not be sometimes gay.—  
For oh ! see all the world around,  
Joy's smiling liveries worn—  
And sure your heart will frankly say—  
Man ne'er was made to mourn.

What bliss, what happiness, kind Heaven,  
Within our reach does place ;  
Nor need we wade through guilt or shame,  
Those bounties to embrace.

Each to his fellow creature's kind,  
When wretched or forlorn,  
Man's liberality to man,  
Makes thousands cease to mourn.

Note yonder open hearted man,  
With smiling face, relieve  
Yon wretch, who fall'n in fortune's shade  
Was only left to grieve.  
Here fellow creature cure thy wants,  
Thy breast's with sorrow torn—  
They smile—then both with rapture own,  
Man ne'er was made to mourn.

For me, whate'er my station be,  
Whether a lord or slave ;  
An independent heart I'll own,  
That blessing Heaven gave ;  
And while its vital stream shall flow,  
I e'er shall treat with scorn,  
The wretch who strives with lawless power,

B

To make his fellow mourn.  
But haste, young man, for virtue seek,  
There happiness you'll find ;  
For hand in hand they willing try,  
To glad all human kind.  
The mountain, forest, palace, cot,  
They visit in their turn ;  
And prove to all that will have proof,  
Man ne'er was made to mourn.

## SONG.

....

**LIKE** blue bell, wet with morning dew,  
My Mary's eye appear'd ;  
Or blue sky trembling through a cloud,  
Of purest white, it cheer'd ;  
Her cheeks disclos'd the modest tint  
That decks the hedge-rose wild,  
Her lips, its fruit, when summer's heat  
Upon the bud had smiled.

Her hair, like yellow waving corn  
By gentle zephyr moved ;  
Her beauteous breast, the seat of love—  
But ah ! not me she loved ?  
The heart it held was wanton, wild,  
Like bee, from flower to flower,  
It sipt from all, but the true sweet  
Ne'er seized, tho' in its power.



Now tired with vast variety,  
No settled bliss she'll find :  
The rose its seat upon her cheek  
To lilly has resign'd :  
Her eye now sunk and clouded lies,  
Its lustre is no more,  
Each beauty's lost, nor can my prayers  
Those lovely charms restore.

---

**EMMA.**

....

**GOOD** heavens ! what haggard form art thou,  
With maniac eye, and wrinkled brow,  
That charity implores ;  
Thy form, alas ! no pity claims,  
No breast benevolently flames,  
Nor kindness for the stores.

O, sir ! this once was Emma fair !  
This wretch was once a beauty rare,  
Our little village pride :  
Tho' now her looks disgust create,  
You'll hear old villagers relate,  
How grace did there reside.

In yonder college, 'neath the hill—  
Close by yon little murmuring rill,  
Her honest father dwelt ;  
There independence kept her seat,  
There joy sweet industry would greet,  
There grief was never felt.

B 2

Fair Emma then, like opening rose,  
Each tint of beauty did disclose,  
    Sweet nature's darling child.  
But dawning love, deceitful joy  
Stealing the transient bliss ; the boy  
    In roguish triumph smil'd.

Each various passion fiercely burns ;  
Now vice, now virtue, rule by turns  
    Vice, virtue overthrows !  
With no rude frown the reverend sire  
Attempts to check this dang'rous fire,  
    It still more furious grows.

And now a youth from out the train  
Of village lads—a ruddy swain,  
    Possess with bold desires ;  
Seized a sad hour his love to try,  
And broke fair honor's sacred tie,  
    And quench'd fair virtue's fires.

Virtue's distinction now o'erthrown,  
And chastity for ever flown ;

Gainst shame she now is proof ;  
The town attracts, her fancy's turn, .  
While fiercer still her passions burn ;  
She quits her father's roof.

Sad sire ! what now can give thee joy !  
Where shall thy sorrows find alloy !

Nought can thy treasure save :  
In vain for thee, the summers yield,  
The blooming orchard, golden field :  
Thou'lt rest but in the grave.

Lost midst the votaries of vice,  
Poor Emma now receives the price  
Of hired courtesan—  
Now mourns in vain her hapless fate,  
And now with tears, alas ! too late,  
Curses the arts of man.

Grows callous now, and old in sin,  
Despair, disease's horrid grin  
Sits on her ghastly face ;  
Loathsome, infections, now at large,  
She comes into the parish charge  
To pass from place to place.

Near to that cottage, where in praise,  
She pass'd her happy, joyous days,—  
Under some hedge she'll lie :  
While at her hideous squalid form,  
The veriest village cur will storm  
And bay her passing by.

Ye fair adhere to virtue's shrine,—  
Ye'll then most surely be devine—  
And heavenly fair to see :  
But once unveil'd your virgin rights,  
Foulest dishonour on you lights,  
Like Emma you will be.

## TO MARY.

....

O think not Mary, 'twas thy charms  
Alone, enslaved my captive heart—  
No! tho' heaven is in thine arms  
Thy *mind* can richer gems impart.  
'Tis there the solid pleasure lies,  
'Tis that increases every bliss,  
That gives fresh lustre to those eyes,  
And makes those lips more sweetly kiss.  
Divest that beauteous form of mind,  
Like an uncenced flow'r 'twill lie,  
Where hearts no settled pleasures find,  
And only feasts the greedy eye.

## MY FANNY.

....

MY dearest child, tho' none but me  
Are doom'd thy budding charms to see ;  
Not less I'll ever think of thee,  
My Fanny.

When morn first smiled upon thy birth,  
I saw, and instant felt thy worth ;  
To guard thee be my care on earth,  
My Fanny.

Then you appear'd like some fair flower :  
Sweet nature's offspring of an hour,  
To perish with the softest shower,  
My Fanny.

Trembling I watch'd each change with fear,  
Each varying tint more bright appear,  
Charm, crowding charm, still made more dear  
My Fanny.



First in thy laughing eye did glow  
A lustre, that did brighter show  
Than blackest bugles, placed on snow,  
My Fanny.

The fringe, that now these diamonds deck  
Shines likes the gloss of ring-dove's neck,  
And stands 'gainst each broad gaze a check,  
For Fanny.

Next, when the crimson buds disclos'd,  
Those pearls, that in their cups repos'd,  
Nature, another charm disclosed,  
In Fanny.

Then did thy beauteous hair display  
Those golden tints, the god of day,  
Doth mingle with the morning ray,  
My Fanny.

The modest hue the hedge rose tips,  
Blush'd on thy cheek, at the eclipse

It suffered from thy ruby lips,  
My Fanny.

Thus far I've watched kind nature's hand  
Thy growing beauties fast expand;  
And yet more care you still demand  
My Fanny.

But cruel fortune's hard decree,  
Drives me my love away from thee;  
Never, perhaps, again to see  
My Fanny.

Who now with tenderest, watchful skill,  
Shall guard my flower from every ill;  
Ah! sure I die, if aught shou'd kill,  
My Fanny.

No no, kind fortune make me blest!  
Restore my treasure to my breast;  
'Till then, thy father ne'er can rest  
My Fanny.

## TO MY MOTHER.

....

FILIAL affection never reign'd  
More firm within a heart than mine ;  
But, ah ! how often is it pain'd  
To gaze on poverty's pale shrine,  
That choaks its springs,  
Contracts its wings,  
Gives it no liberty to flow—  
Those beauties hide,  
Which 'tis its pride,  
In deeds of gratitude to show.

Yet hope, with never fading charms,  
In heavenly garb adorn'd appears,  
Drives from my fancy these alarms,  
And bids me banish all my fears :

C

Some happy hour,  
Will give me power,  
To shew that love my bosom bears,  
The wealth then mine,  
Will doubly shine,  
That a beloved parent shares.

## WRITTEN

## UNDER A DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS

WITHOUT ANY SERIOUS CAUSE.

....

THE giddy sailor on the rocking mast,  
With trembling eye views the wide waste  
around,

No shelter sees he from the furious blast,  
Except he meets it in the deep profound—  
But Heaven directs his shatter'd bark to land  
Close by those scenes when young he used  
to trace,

His hardships vanish, and new joys at hand,  
He meets it in a wife and child's embrace.

The weary trav'ler o'er the rugged moor,  
With deep'ning thunders battling o'er his  
head,

Smiles at the dangers when he gains his door,  
And hails the shelter of his humble shed.

These are their joys—'Tis strange that I  
To whom kind nature opens every charm,  
Heaps bliss on bliss within my way to lie,  
Should push them from me with so rude an  
arm.

Can it be apathy, or want of sense,  
That thus I pass, nor taste of any joy :—  
Dull languid feelings, get ye hence,  
And let me pleasure feel without alloy.—  
And reason, oh ! attend her that I may,  
With temperance, hail the happiness in store,  
And, mixing mirth with prudence I may say,  
Each bliss heaven sent me I have still made  
more.

## LOVE AND GLORY.

....

WHEN love, and peace, and Fanny smiling,  
Wing'd with joy the passing day ;  
Hours turn'd minutes ; so beguiling,  
Seem'd love, peace, and Fanny's lay :  
But when the trumpet's harsh alarm,  
Disturb'd the charms of our sweet story,  
No thought my Fanny had of harm—  
But cried—" away, leave love for glory."

Return'd, my brow with laurels bound,  
My Fanny smiled more sweet than ever ;  
And now she cried, " by glory crown'd,  
" My hero, never will we sever.  
" No ! peace shall crown our future days,  
" While love repeats the martial story ;  
" And proudly sings the warriors praise,  
" Who brought to love, a wreath from glory."

C 2



## SONG.

....

WHILE the roses of youth o'er my brows  
were unfolding,  
And fancy, and hope, pleasure's features were  
moulding ;  
On a mind, never framed for unhappiness  
holding,  
Thy form, my dear Anna, first entered  
my view.

'Till that moment, a passion unfelt and un-  
known,  
Quickly stole o'er my senses, secur'd them its  
own,  
'Twas not grief, 'twas not joy, but 'twas love,  
love alone,  
And that love, my dear Anna, created by  
you.

But what stoic that image could see and un-  
moved

From that moment, e'er vow that he never yet  
loved ;

No! my heart tells too truly the passion it  
proved—

Must be by all felt that my Anna shall  
view.

Thy cheek, did the hue of May roses unfold,  
Thy hair like the thistle down tinted with  
gold ;

In thy form I could nature's perfections be-  
hold,

And that form, love dear Anna, created  
for you.

When I ventured that treasure, your heart to  
explore,

And you vow'd to be constant—not India's  
store,

Not the Lydian's treasure—nor Ganges fa-  
med shore,  
Could give wealth such as that when you  
said you'd be true.

Oh! what joy, oh! what bliss, did that sen-  
tence impart;  
'Tis a happiness lasting, seal'd up in my heart;  
And tho' fate ordains, we a moment should  
part,  
I never dear Anna can think but of you.

## THE DEW-DROP.

....

THE dew-drop that hung on the breast of the  
dove,

'Till morn's beam 'rose to shake it away,  
Dwelt not on a throne, better suited for love,  
Than the tear on your bosom that lay.—

The sun shall awaken the dove from its rest,  
And the dew-drop shall vanish in air,  
While her faith in my vows bids my Mary be  
blest,  
And peace dwell in the breast of my fair.

## SONG.

....

TO bind thy hair, sweet maid, I'll bring  
The flowers of love, the rose of spring,  
And daffodils, that come in May,  
The blue-eyed violet shall be seen,  
The daisy from the dewy green,  
And cowslips that would shun the day.

The king cup, that the fairies bright  
Have danced around, by moon beam light,  
Shall blush upon thy snowy brow :  
The snow drop, child of modest spring—  
The woodbine shall with lillies cling.  
And form a lover's ardent vow.

Oh ! Mary, breathe thou but a sigh—  
Dart but the lustre of thine eye,  
Upon this humble wreath of mine :  
Entwine it with thy golden hair,  
Each simple flower, will look more fair,  
And every gem will brighter shine.

TO

*My Friend and School-fellow, H. S.*

BALTIMORE.

....

AY Henry, my friend ! e'en now while you  
speak

Of our school-fellow's frolicks, and each boy-  
ish freak

That occur'd in our youth,—let me call to  
your mind

Of an afternoon's pleasure, and sweet of its  
kind.

As the brows of the Skiddaw\* we labour'd  
to climb,

And breath'd the fresh air, sweetly scented  
with thyme ;

Tired out with exertion, we laid ourselves  
down

Midst a nest of blaë-berries and heather so  
brown,

---

\* One of the highest hills in England.

And tried to allay our hot thirst, with the  
fruit  
That hung round our heads, from the hill's  
hardy root ;  
But in vain—when a rumbling noise struck  
our ear,  
And awaken'd a joy, mixt with some little  
fear ;  
You know by the shepherds we oft had been  
told,  
They in seeking the sheep far away from the  
fold  
Could find in each season, and all kinds of  
weather,  
The sweetest of streams stealing under the  
heather ;  
You inserted your staff and the gurgling rill  
flow'd,  
And sweet on our breasts, as if nectar it  
glow'd ;

We gazed on the mountain with greater de-  
light,  
And blest the rude landscape that burst on our  
sight.

On the valley below, you next cast your eyes ;  
And thus sung the praise of the maid that you  
prize.

## SONG.

### ROSE OF DERWENT WATER.

WHERE Skiddaw rears his hoary head,  
With clouds for ever round his brow ;  
A vale beneath doth kindly spread  
Towards the lake that sleeps below ;  
And in that vale a maid doth dwell,  
She's nature's pride, her loveliest daughter ;  
And those who know and love her well,  
Named her the Rose of Derwent Water.

D



For Derwent sure's the sweetest lake  
That circling hills did e'er embrace :  
And bounteous nature ne'er did make,  
Than her's—a sweeter form and face ;  
'Tis nature's looking glass—the lake ;  
And she, her pride, her loveliest daughter ;  
An ornament for nature's face,  
A rose—The Rose of Derwent Water.

## TRANQUILLITY.

....

AS life advances, how we change,  
As through its various scenes we range ;  
Those joys we at a distance view  
Present a strong, a richer hue ;  
But once our own, their beauty flies,  
They fade, they sicken in our eyes,  
Unless we with the charms are blest,  
In calm tranquillity possess.

No boisterous joy can lasting prove,  
Ne'er trust the vows of furious love,  
Broad laugh enjoys a *moment's* reign,  
But pleasure 's ever free from pain ;  
And none can feel so truly blest  
As in tranquillity possess.

## TO MARY.

....

OH! Mary, were thy heart as kind,  
As warm, as is that beaming eye;  
Where could a glowing fancy find,  
So sweet a bed for love to lye:  
But oh! I fear that breast is snow,  
That heart is ice,—that I were blest,  
Did it for me but kindly glow,  
A little heaven, where I might rest.

---

**LOVE AND HOPE.**

....

**WHEN** love and hope together clinging,  
Light us to joy the nearest way ;  
Let poverty her flight be winging,  
Lest her broad wings shut out the ray.  
That love and hopes' strong beam may reach  
us.

Is still my wish, my fervent prayer,  
And resignation ever teach us,  
To link with constancy a faithful pair.

## WRITTEN

AMONG THE ROCKS AT LOVERS' LEAP,  
BUXTON.

....

FROM the mansion of pleasure and friend-  
ship I fly,  
To solitude's dark dismal scenes,  
Where a desolate being I pass the sad day,  
And count the dull hours that glide sluggish  
away,  
While memory to past moments leans.

In vain nature holds forth her most lavish  
charms,  
No pleasures my sad bosom cheers ;  
The sweet breezy hill—the murmuring cas-  
cade,  
The bold frowning rock—or the deep heavenly  
glade,  
Lose their beauties while no friend is near.



When the young blushing morn leads me to  
the brown hill,

Unmoved I the landscape can see,  
Tho' surely dear love must inhabit yon dale,  
And friendship is found in yonder sweet vale,  
But alas ; there's no friend there for me.

Then I court the soft zephyr that brushes my  
brow,

O bear every wish to my friends,  
Thou dear little breeze, on thy soft downy  
wings,

O carry my message—to them my heart clings,  
And friendship with life only ends.

O friendship thy name, who too loudly can  
praise,

Thou cement of the soul, heart, and mind,  
With thee every joy, every pleasure seems dou-  
ble,

With thee, oh ! how lightly we feel every trou-  
ble,

Without thee all chaos we find.

## ON BEING ASKED

*Why a former affection was neglected?*

....

I once did love, as truly, firmly lov'd  
As if the queen of love my passion mov'd ;  
But when I found that false my love had prov'd,  
I lov'd no more but straight my love remov'd,  
Then cease to blame me.

My love did like yon rose, such sweets disclose,  
As now it shows, where on the brier it blows ;  
But cankers rose, and now away it throws,  
Those charms my fancy chose, and barely shows,  
The thorns to shame me.

## LINES

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF A MOTHER,  
ON HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

*The names of the Author and Infant form a  
double Acrostic.*

....

FAIR lovely bud, thy tender form,  
In nature's spring just cast ;  
Ah ! never from its stem be torn,  
Or whelm'd by fortune's blast.  
Never may worldly, nipping frosts,  
Harm or despoil thy frame ;  
Nor be thy tender beauty lost,  
Nor burnt by envious flame.  
Young modest flower, oh may'st thou blow,  
More beauteous than the day ;  
In nature's heavenly colours glow  
In nature's beauty gay :



And when each grace is full disclos'd

Love, pity, joy, and fear,

Reaching thy heart, e'en there repos'd,

Let virtue still be near.

Mark her chaste laws, her precepts wise

Still plant about thy breast ;

And guarded thus, thou'lt flourish, rise,

Ne'er wither, fade, decay, 'till to eternal rest.

## WRITTEN

ON THE CLOSE OF AN EVENING IN AUTUMN,

....

THE setting sun had sunk into the west,  
And left the sky with his bright fires drest ;  
The hills, the trees, the waters caught the tinge,  
And clad sweet nature's garb in golden fringe.

Transported at the sight I thus address'd,  
That Being, whom my inmost soul possest,  
That Being, unto whom all joys we owe,  
And every blessing we receive below.

To thou, the giver of all heavenly grace,  
Who teaches us sweet nature's path to trace,  
Receive each thank a grateful heart can give,  
Who gave me power to think, to act and live ;  
To live and view with admiration, all  
Those beauties which thy hand ne'er made to  
pall.

Next unto thee thou mighty power supreme,  
A mother's tender love and kindness seem,

A mother whom my tenderest care demands,  
And every duty in my power commands.  
Who taught my "young ideas how to shoot,"  
And to each pleasure I e'er felt gave root ;  
Deign, thou, oh heaven ! her goodness to re-  
ward,  
Blest with her children's tenderest regard ;  
And when thou call'st her to a place of rest,  
Oh ! in thy bosom make her ever blest.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE NEWS OF PEACE.

*Spoken by Mrs. Aikin—Theatre, Plymouth.*

....

NOW gentle peace with all her smiling train,  
Arrests the upraised arm of furious war ;  
Drives hence the monster, re-assumes her  
reign,

With honors that her foes can never mar.  
Now o'er this happy land her smiles she throws,  
Their bright reflections strike on every face,  
A grateful ardour in each bosom glows,  
And each with joy her blessings 'gin to  
trace.

View ruddy labour hastening to his cot,  
His breast the seat and throne of blest content ;

With news elate, heeds not his humble lot,  
But hastes to tell that heaven peace has sent.

E

“ Why wife here’s news will make thee once  
more young—

Come round us young ones, zounds i’ll tell  
you all,  
Here’s peace be come, the thing we look’d for  
long,

And times will change, and rent will surely  
fall.

Wounds! run to neighbour Cropman’s o’er  
the way,

And tell his Sue our John’s expected home :  
Tell her no more to mope, and sigh, and pray,  
But hope he’ll ne’er have cause again to  
roam,

And hear me chiel’d, one word before thee  
goest,

Tell her now peace and joy come hand, in  
hand,

And shou’d our John his leg or arm ha’ lost,  
’Twas serving of his dear loved native land.”

But here for once the father’s fears are wrong,  
Behold the youth improved in manly grace ;

**“ Loaded with honors,” eager hastes along,  
To meet a parent’s and a wife’s embrace.**

**Now once more in his long lost native soil,  
Firm for the cause he fought for, still sincere ;**

**Fortune and fame have crown’d his daring toil,  
And close with happiness his bold career.**

**But shou’d once more his country call to arms,  
Her cause to justify, her rights to guard ;**

**Again he’ll dare the battles fierce alarms,  
To gain her praise, his just and due reward.**

**Heroes who’ve perish’d by the chance of war,  
Your mem’ry to this country shall be dear ;**

**Your praise by fame be wafted to afar,  
And still shall claim from gratitude a tear,**

**May those who yet survive our blessings share,  
Let honors shine on them, ’till life shall  
cease ;**

**Strangers to envy may they ne’er know care,  
And ever feel the blessings of this peace.**

## TO MARY.

....

YES perjur'd Mary I have read,  
With pain have read the fell decree,  
The cruel words that bids us part,  
That bids me tear myself from thee.

As the big tears stood in mine eyes,  
And wou'd not from their brinks depart,  
They seem'd my woe, my grief to add,  
And give fresh torment to my heart.

Through them each letter swell'd to words,  
And ev'ry word a dreadful page,  
Where I cou'd trace a life of woe,  
Of wretched misery and age.

ON

## LORD NELSON'S DEATH.

....

STOP fame!—and ere thy trumpet sounds  
out to the world,

Of England's triumph, one great victory  
more,

Ere glory's flag may be with smiles unfurl'd,  
To wake astonishment from shore to shore.

Stop, and with sounds seraphic join the strain,  
The heavenly strain, that hails a god-like  
soul ;

Fresh rising from the deep and bloody main,  
That reaches its great, bright, and glorious  
goal.

Methinks I see thee pass the empyrean bound,  
While round thy form the greeting seraphs  
fly,

E 2



And Heaven's full chorus swells the welcome  
sound,  
—Brave Abercrombie meets thy joyous  
eye.

He springs exulting from the throne of rest,  
To place a British Warrior by his side ;  
With heavenly joy he clasps thee to his breast,  
And smiles upon thee as a Briton's pride.

Beloved, lamented Nelson, now farewell !  
To acts like thine for ever praise be giv'n,  
May strains of blessings in thy funeral knell,  
Extol thee here on earth, and so in heav'n.

But now these patriot tears no more must  
flow,  
Cease palpitating heart to check my breath ;  
It was his wish, when fate should give the  
blow,  
To die a *Sailor's* and a *Hero's* death.

## ON CONVERTING A NAIL

TAKEN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MARS  
MAN OF WAR, THAT FOUGHT THE FAMOUS  
ACTION WITH THE HERCULE, INTO A

## TOBACCO STOPPER.

....

“ TO what base uses may we not return,”

Thou once a high and honor'd station bore ;  
The outward post, when battles fiercely burn,  
To stem the boist'rous waves, when tem-  
pests roar.

Not forg'd for greater peril and renown,

Those golden screws, in Alexander's helm ;  
Which held the towering eagle to his crown,  
That crest his foes cou'd never overwhelm,  
Thou too hast been where death and carnage  
meet,

Where bullets fly, and cannons loudly roar,  
But where no trump cou'd sound a swift retreat,  
Or raise a gale to waft thee to some shore.

Now green with age, and rusted o'er with care,  
Bent and distorted, in thy country's cause,  
Of honors and rewards thou hast no share,  
Nor have they granted thee a just applause.

Yet shalt thou know a second birth,  
And change thy scenes of death to mirth ;  
Instead of meeting foes, a friend,  
And for some joyous happy end ;  
Forget thy former scenes of slaughter,  
“ Sleek o'er thy rugged looks” to laughter ;  
Thy present dress clean'd up and brighten'd,  
Thy leg put straight and heart new lighten'd,  
Then in my service shalt thou shine,  
And I'll be proud to call thee mine,  
All this I'll do if thou'lt think proper,  
To serve me as tobacco stopper.

## WRITTEN

BETWEEN CAPES HENRY AND CHARLES,

*September, 13th, 1806.*

....

ALL hail ! ye shores ! on whose wild brow  
Freedom triumphant sits, and smiles  
On commerce, leading Ceres from those isles,  
Where war with all its train of furies glow :  
Here too are welcom'd peace, and pleasures  
train,  
To join the goddess, in her careless round ;  
To where thy temple, sweet content is found ;  
Far thence is banish'd discord, strife and pain.

But yet blest land ! a dearer joy to me  
Thy shores contain, than ought besides can  
bring :  
For oh ! the proudest theme my muse can  
sing,  
Must e'er Parental Love belong to thee ;

Columbus cou'd not more with pleasure trace  
Thy mountains ; nor his joy be more complete,  
Than that which I, with expectation pant to  
meet,  
And find in a lov'd Parents fond embrace.

*Freedom, Love and Liberty.*

SUNG BY MRS. MILLS.

COMPOSED BY MR. MEINECKE.

....

ARM, arm, ye brave, and nobly join  
The sons of freedom's valiant line ;  
Columbia's heroes, now entwine,  
To guard the shores of liberty.

No slavery guides our warlike band,  
But brothers, strike a brother's hand ;  
And sires link, and wide expand  
The host that fight for liberty.

The fair, your martial spirits trace,  
And proudly view your warlike grace,  
And rosy wreathes shall twine to place  
On those that guard our liberty.

**Ye heroes then who nobly fight  
For freedom, and extended right,  
On you the blessings ever light,  
Of Freedom, Love, and Liberty.**

## THE

## STANDARD OF FREEDOM.

SUNG BY MR. ROBINS,

*Composed by Mr. J. Cole of Baltimore.*

....

THE standard of freedom has long been unfurl'd,

On the shore of Columbia, the pride of the world,

While commerce, and plenty, together combine,

To yield to each soul every joy next divine ;

What then, shall hostile footsteps tread,

Onwreaths by love, and freedom spread ?

No—patriot fire our bosom cheers,

We link a band of volunteers.

Then hail Columbia happy land,

Her chosen sons a faithful band,

F



Their efforts freedom smiling cheers,  
And hails Columbia's volunteers.

That fire which in every bosom was spread,  
When our heroes so brave, were by Washington led,

Now rouses again, and every heart breathes,  
And hope gains already from glory their wreaths ;

Then arm in love and freedom's cause,  
Your country's praise and just applause,  
Are tributes every bosom cheers,  
That joins our band of volunteers.

Then hail Columbia happy land,  
Her chosen sons a faithful band,  
Their efforts freedom smiling cheers,  
And hails Columbia's volunteers.

---

---

## PARODY

ON THE OLD SCOTCH SONG OF THE LAND  
OF THE LEEL.

*Tune—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*

....

I'M wearing away dear,  
Like a rose cropt in May dear,  
I'm wearing away  
                    To the land of the blest.  
No grief was e'er there dear,  
No sorrow, no care dear,  
But joy is still there  
                    In the land of the blest.

Oh! hush that sigh I pray dear,  
My soul wou'd fain away dear,  
Soft silently to lay  
                    In the land of the blest.  
You have been kind to me dear,  
But now, you'll soon be free dear.

And I'll welcome thee  
To the land of the blest.

Our little boy is there dear,  
How good he was, and fair dear,  
When he left our care  
For the land of the blest,  
But do not thus repine dear,  
Thy sorrows now are mine dear :  
He doth an angel shine  
In the land of the blest.

We're from our friends away dear,  
I've led thee far astray dear ;  
We'll all meet some day  
In the land of the blest.  
Now farewell my kind dear ;  
I sink like dying wind dear,  
We'll meet and joy find  
In the land of the blest.

## SONG,

WRITTEN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

TUNE....“HIGHLAND LADDIE.”

....

IN ancient time,  
When bardies rhyme,  
Through Scotia's island charm'd her childer,  
The chearfu' rant,  
The gracefu' chaunt,  
Their sense w' joy wad aft bewilder,  
'Twas then in Fingal's Hall sae happy,  
They toom'd the whiskey gill and nappy ;  
The chearfu' glee  
The barley bree,  
St. Andrew's day wad mak' them happy.  
And on that day,  
The blythe strathspey,  
And Highland reel they foot sae fleetly,

F 2

The ranting fling,  
Around they swing,  
Harmonious sang too chaunt sae sweetly,  
'Till dinner hour ca's to the table,  
To stech their wems as lang as able,  
Of a' that's guid,  
Braw Scottish food,  
Wad shine sae brawly on their table.

First at the head,  
As round's a bead,  
The lusty haggis shines sae proudly ;  
And at the foot,  
As black as soot,  
The singet sheep's head prais'd sae loudly ;  
Wi' gilded horns he looks so awfu',  
To say ought 'gainst him is unlawfu',  
Then prais'd be he,  
Wha first could see,  
The merits o' this head sae awfu'.

Then brose and kail,  
And guid fat meal,  
Farly's, baps and partens taes too,  
The herrin fat,  
Taen frae the pat,  
Buckies, speldings, lahster's claes too,  
They puddings too o' a' kinds boasted,  
And joints o'meat, baith boil'd and roasted,  
And when 'twas owre,  
Wi' a' their power,  
Then guid St. Andrew's health was toasted.

Then pray are we,  
A jot less free,  
And may we not as loudly praise him,  
Then since we've will,  
Let's try our skill,  
Wi' fun, feast, sang, and toast to raise him,  
Then ilk ane pledge me in a bumper,  
Charge to the brim, see mine's a thumper,  
Now fire away,  
St. Andrew's day,  
Ilk Scottish lad now tak' a bumper.

## SONG.

TUNE....“THE CAMERONIAN RANT.”

....

O, what an unco noise and din,  
There is through a' the land man,  
And greater wark to face a foe,  
Auld England never fand man.  
But she the de'il a bit need care,  
Nor a' their wives, and weans scare,  
For if they come they'll rue it sair.  
We'll gar them jump,  
Wi' many a lump,  
And clumsy thump,  
And steer their rump,  
Anither road that day man.

And do you think that Scotia's lads,  
Will stand and see them come man,  
And dirt their breeks, wi' scornfu' fear,  
Or hide them up the lum man :

Anither story faith they'll tell,  
I ken o'twa three lads mysel',  
There's Andrew Smith, and Tammy Bell,  
    And Johny Gray,  
    And Peter May,  
    And Sawney Fay,  
    Sic lads as they,  
Wad gar wee Bony dance man.

Then Scotia and England,  
    May take their cog and gill man ;  
For while they haud thegither firm,  
    Let come what fae there will man :  
Guid faith he'd be a scabby tike  
To put his nose intill our bike,  
Ilk bee wad be in sic a fike,  
    That a' wad run,  
    Wi' sword and gun,  
    The wark's begun,  
    Lord 'tis but fun.  
To Scotch and English lads man.



Then come sit down, ne'er fash your thum,  
Let's sing our sang at ease man,  
And let wee Bonaparte come,  
Whenever he may please man,  
The present moment still is ours,  
Then let's before dame fortune low'rs,  
Strive to enjoy't wi' a' our powers,  
And if by chance,  
The powers of France,  
Shou'd hither prance,  
We'll gar them dance,  
The Cameronian rant man.

ON THE

## MEMORY

OF ROBERT BURNS AND ALLAN RAMSAY.

....

OH! Bab and Allan, now you're dead,  
Wha shall blow up the Scottish reeds,  
To sound in tunefu' loys?

Wha now in bobbing, jingling verse  
Shall our auld Reeky's pranks rehearse,  
And sing in Scotia's praise?

Wha now wi' mavis note shall sing,  
The gay return of joyfu' spring,

Wi a' her bonny smiles?  
The loves, the graces, a' the train,  
That drive frae ilka bosom pain  
And sorrow oft beguiles.

Or wha wi' faithfu' hand can draw,  
The bleak return of winter's snaw,

On icy pinions borne ?  
Or when the lusty curler's team,  
In swarms upo' the ice bound stream,  
And toom the brimming horn ?

Or lasses, wha shall now display  
The lover, whether sad or gay ?  
Or tell the love-lorn tale.  
O, Allan ! be thy memory dear,  
In thy sweet verse it doth appear,  
Thou dost it all unveil.

And you, ye laughing, joyous crew,  
Of Momus' train, wha now to you,  
Can joyous smiles provoke ?  
Poor Burns is gone ! then drap a tear  
As thanks for "Tom O'Shanter, dear  
And money a mirthfu' joke."

Lament a' Scotland ! baith are gone !  
A' een drap tears, a' bosoms mourn !  
Ilk soul in Scotland mourn

And muse lay down thy oaten reed,  
'Tis o'er! and now there's nae remeed,  
They never can return.

G

ON THE  
DEATH  
OF  
GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

....

WHY stan's sae mute the ranks of war?

Why glistens in each eye a tear?

I ken that frae your bosoms far,

You've banish'd ilka scornfu' fear.

Then why this universal grief?

Why seems ilk breast to burst wi' woe?

Is there nae hope to yield relief?

Can nothing comfort now bestow?

Guid heaven what is't ye say—what dead!

Brave Abercrombie dead and gone!

Nay then 'gainst grief there's nae remeed,

Nought now can mak' us cease to mourn.

Yet shall revenge our bosoms swell,  
And drown our sorrow's useless rage ;  
Against those foes by whom he fell,  
A fiercer war from thus we'll wage.

My country's glory and its pride farewell ;  
May angels guard thee to a place of rest,  
Nae mair thy post ambition is to quell,  
Thou now for ay, art seated with the blest.

---

## \*DRAMATIC VISION.

....

THE village clock wi' awfu' knell,  
Chimed out the solemn hour o' twal,  
Wi' heavy bleach the hammer fell  
                    The death like sound ;  
A thousand fears my heart did tell,  
                    Wi' dread profound.

Thoughtfu' I hameward bent my way,  
Yet hame I cou'dna' mean to say  
No ! born 'mang those whase rough path lay  
                    In sorrow's road,  
Wafelike a stroller I maun stráy  
                    'Neath grief's hard load.

Now round me as I cast me ee,  
I nought can in my lodgement see,

---

\* The idea of the following lines was suggested by the perusal of Burns's vision.

That brings a charm to comfort me,  
But weary wishes,  
But sighs for dear society,  
And social blisses.

Envyng the joys on some that waits,  
And pityng their unhappy fates,  
Resembling his wha' ruminates,  
On a' their losses,  
And sic like usless sad debates,  
On fortune's crosses.

Wishing that I instead o'spouter,  
Had but been born an honest souter,  
A Wabster, or a kettle clouter,  
Or ony station,  
That comes when commerce ca's about her,  
To mend the nation.

Fortune I loudly was accusing,  
For every comfort still refusing,  
And gaun to gie the stage abusing,



Whan by the light,  
My bawbee can'al was diffusing,  
I saw a spright !

An illfar'd ugly witch she leuk'd,  
Ane that the deil himsel' had peuk'd,  
Owre laughing at poor body's cook'd,  
In burning hell,  
I was no fear'd but loudly leugh'd,  
At her mysel'.

The e'en were just like twa green grozet,  
As red's a carrot was the nose o't,  
And at its mouth the varra foes o't,  
Wad laugh to death ;  
But rin awa did she uncloose it,  
And shaw her teeth.

A dirty cloak wi' oil and black,  
A' spatter'd owre fell aff her back  
But what a change !—a form, guid lack !—

I'll ne'er forget it,  
'Twas fair as fancy's sel' cou'd mak,  
Whan my eyes met it.

"Haud, haud, young man!" she kindly said,  
"Dinna sae soon misca' your trade  
"Aulder than you, the tap ha' made,  
"O' this profession,  
"And mair for prentice fee ha' paid,  
"To vile oppression."

She said, and clap'd into my hand,  
A list of a' the comic band,  
And looking ower't I surely fand,  
That it was true,  
For maist 'fore at the head they stand,  
Ha' cause to rue.

Alas! now hope within me dies,  
O! how can I e'er hope to rise,  
I, who ne'er gain'd one single prize,  
Or favoring stroke,

She read the question in my eyes,

And thus she spoke :—

“ Ye ken that to the comic goal,

“ There’s mony roads, tho’ a’ are droll,

“ Owre some mair pleasantly we roll,

“ Than on the ithers ;

“ And tho’ they a’ gang cheek by joul,

“ They’re no’ twin brithers.

“ Some like the doited auld man’s pace,

“ Some the rough sailor’s path to trace,

“ Some like wi’ giddy youth to chace

“ The mirthfu’ joke,

“ Some wi’ auld honesty’s complaisant face,

“ Applause provoke,

“ But be it thine, the sweetest lot,

“ To paint the virtues o’ the cot,

“ The rustic boy that twines the knot,

“ With nature’s band,

“ Around each heart, that glowing hot  
“ Feels her chaste hand.”

This said, she placed upon my brow,  
Luxuriant curls as ever grew,  
Then dyed my cheeks a ruddy hue,  
Bad me be blest,  
And with a comforting adieu,  
Left me to rest.

## WRITTEN

AFTER READING ROBERT BURNS.

....

O RAB, you've set me a' on fire,  
I wish thy muse wad me inspire,  
Or raise me e'en a wee left higher,  
To sing of ane  
Whase praise shou'd sound frae some that's  
nigher  
To your ain.

O cou'd I mak in jingling rhyme,  
Saft generosity to chime,  
Or wad my bobbing heart keep time,  
'Twad breath sic sounds,  
As far owre thee my frien' wad climb,  
By mony rounds.

I'd sing of ane wha's far owre mony,  
For being guid and saftly bonny,

And for her heart—I ne'er met ony,  
That sic cou'd boast,  
She's for the graces a fit cronie,  
She's never lost.

O ! she's saft upo' the sense as roses,  
Whilk to the sun their sweets discloses,  
A bonny smile she never loses,  
That tells ye fare ;  
She love within her bosom closes  
For a' a share.

I fear I canna' paint to please,  
Ilk virtue that in her finds ease,  
And frae her heart shoots through her e'es  
'Tis past my ken,  
I'll try now what my heart can gies,  
To make amends.

May frae their blest abodes aboon,  
Joy, happiness and peace slide down,  
And a' combine to mak' a crown,

---

To fit her head,  
Their choicest gifts and goodness roun',  
About her spread.

Cou'd I but mak my wishes true,  
Sic blessings wad fa' frae my mou',  
Ilk happiness this world e'er knew,  
Shou'd on her light,  
To gi' her virtues a' their due  
'Twad be but right.

## EXTEMPORE

ON A

## CIGAR.

....

CANTY cigar, my constant frien',  
Through ilka care, and warldly strife,  
With thee a' sorrows, day and e'en,  
I boldly dar' defy through life.

With every puff far off flies grief  
In whirls like smoke it melts away,  
And leaves me blest wi' this relief,  
Each morn will bring a better day.

H



## TO MY FRIEND JOHN B—TH—TS.

....

OH, put me in the reddest low,  
Of Mount Vesuvius' fiery pow,  
And there forever let me grow,  
                                When I forget,  
The honest treatment I frae you,  
                                Ha' kindly met.

Or set me on \* Ben Lamman's top,  
When he has on his snawy cap,  
And without breeks my hip to hap,  
                                There let me swither,  
When I forget the canty drap,  
                                We've had thegither.

Let me when hunger gripes my weam,  
Sit in a lonesome empty hame,  
'Till famine mak' my mind mair tame,

---

\* One of the highest hills in Scotland.

If I neglect ye,  
And dead wi' starving and wi' shame,  
Learn to respect ye.

Never may liquor pass my mou',  
Or halesome pipe, wi' smoke sae blue  
And unco story mak' me fou,  
Or e'en regale me,  
If I to friendship prove untrue,  
Or seem to fail ye.

## TO THE SAME.

....

AH dear ! ah dear ! ah Lord be wi' us,  
What whirls, and cants, does fortune gie' us ;  
Wi' rattling bleach she does sae knock us,  
And wi' sick icks, and thumps, does shock us ;  
That faith, she aften makes me won'er,  
Whether I'm standing here on yon'er.  
When I but think how she has used me,  
How she has jumbled, and abused me ;  
That frae her guid, I'm ay an outlaw,  
And in her ill a varra foot ba' ;  
I'm maist provoked to gie her swearing,  
For this her bonny kind o' faring.  
The ither day I set me down,  
Wi' some guid callans in a town ;  
Which geographers ca' Manchester,  
Whar' woo' they claw, and cotton pester,  
And just began to mak me happy,  
Wi canty glee and barley nappy ;

And when we heard old Scotia's name !  
We aft got fou—deil hair o' shame ?  
I just then thought that me she'd drap,  
When bang into the room she lap ;  
She look'd as if the deil possest her,  
“ Stand yont,” quo' she, “ and get to Chester.”

H 2

## TO THE SAME.

....

UGH! out upon thee ugly strumpet!  
Maun I for ever be thus thumpet,  
My happiness thou winna see,  
Nor ever let a body be.  
The folks that I had just sat down wi',  
To spend my saxpence or my crown wi',  
Had click't my fancy to a shaving,  
When thou cam' in to set me raving.  
Ane wi' his independence pleased me,  
Ane wi' his merry stories eased me,  
Of a' blue devils——melancholy!  
And sic, as in thy damned folly,  
Thou sends on purpose just to grieve me,  
But I'll be quits, ye may believe me;  
I'll sing, and dance, just to perplex ye,  
For joy o' mine I ken will vex ye.

The merits o' this canty lad,  
Has aften made my heart fu' glad;

His stories made me ca' the porter  
So fast—fear they shou'd seem shorter,  
That hame he'd aft the toil to tak' me,  
“ As fou as cap and stoup cou'd mak' me.”  
Anither just as guid a callan,  
As ever stept frae hie or lallan ;  
'Twas at this honest fellow's house,  
That we had mony a gay carouse ;  
And if sae unsonsie was my lot,  
As want a saxpence o' my shot ;  
He never was the man look'd sour,  
To chalk it up behind the dōor,  
And if I ever do forget him,  
Or the blyth hour when first I met him ;  
May a' the ills o' Etna's how,  
Be heap'd upo' my senseless pow.  
Were I to speak their merits a',  
And every virtue, round to ca',  
'Twa'd tak' mair breath than I've about me,  
Or Simpson's\* bags, to help me out wi'.

---

\* Habby Simpson, a famous Scotch piper.

Thou maun be deaf, as well as blind,  
Or devilish canker'dly inclin'd,  
To drive me frae sic company,  
What' devil could thy meaning be.  
I tauld them whan I cam' awa',  
Thy usage, they should ken it a',  
And that they shall, depend upon it,  
Tuned to the fag end o' a sonnet ;  
And be thou guid or ill to me,  
Sae will they chaunt accordingly.

## TO THE SAME.

....

OF a that happens 'till I see ye,  
A history I said I'd gi' ye,  
And just in order for to see ye,  
For loss o' time :  
I promised last time I was wi' ye,  
'T should be in rhyme.

But o' what sort—I did na brag,  
Ablains, my muse, may often lag,  
And like a crazy spaven'd nag,  
May sometimes stumble,  
But ye maun tak' them tag and rag,  
Just as they jumble.

But this I hope—I'm sure ye ken,  
Were a' the nine their aid to len',  
And cou'd I every beauty sen',



O Rab and Allan,\*

Wi' pleasure ye shou'd hae them ben,  
For owre haulen'.

Ilk state's uncertain, that I own,  
Precarious a', and a' unknown,  
But if there's ane that stan's alone,  
Mair sae than ithers,  
An actor sure has cause to moan,  
Wi' a' his brithers.

Nae line we enter into's certain,  
Our lives are hid by fates dark curtain,  
The vara cause we're maist alert in,  
The aftnest fails,  
For ever pride and honor hurt in,  
Aft want assails.

To picture out frae first to last,  
Ilk happy and unhappy cast,  
That actors in their lives hae past,

---

\* R. Burns and Allan Ramsey.

And place in verse,  
My muse maun travel vara fast,  
To each rehearse.

Yet mounted ance without the lash,  
O' fame, o' pension, or o' cash,  
She boldly gallops on fu' dash,  
And rides for pleasure,  
Fears maist 'gaints prejudice to smash,  
Or stap for measure.

But shou'd she stumble in her ride,  
And fall'n shou'd be her wee bit pride,  
You surely canna', darna' chide,  
Or blame her,  
Sin' passing sic a dang'rous tide,  
Enough to lame her.

At present, frien's, I'm imco weel,  
And ha' been sin' ye saw my heel,

**My breeks are hale, my heart's fu' liel,  
And a' gangs canty,  
Gif ye sic blessings do but feel,  
Then I'll be vaunty.**

## TO THE SAME.

....

LET Poets sing the flowing bowl,  
The sparkling glass, the jovial soul—  
Sae will I too, but still express,  
My hatred of a foul excess—  
Ye'll tell me tho', and faith its true  
“Ye hae yoursel' been aften fou,”  
That weel I ken, and therefore may  
Wi' greater truth its evils say—  
I grant that while we're round the nappy,  
We're great, and brave, in short, we're happy :  
The jest, the glee, the mirthfu' sang  
Wi' pleasure gies ilk heart a bang.  
And cou'd we but just then gie owre,  
And reason rule the social hour—  
A' wad be weel—but oh sad chance !  
When once the drink begins to dance,  
Awa flies sense—and noise, and din,  
Welcome back folly, shame, and sin.

I

Now see how draught on draught's encreas'd,  
 'Till man now haley lost, turns beast.—  
 Stap here, my muse, nae comments mair we  
 need—

The man that's drunk's a beast—Oh man tak'  
 heed!

How now he suffers the next day,  
 Wi' aching heart I'm gaun to say:  
 A fever—ague—and sair head—  
 Nervous as aspin leaf—half dead.

Mouth black, and face as whites the wa',  
 Shins broken wi' some ugly fa',  
 Ee'en sunk—purse sunk too warst of a',—  
 Suppose we close this bonny picture,  
 Wi' comforts o' a curtain lecture.

I've mark'd it in my memory's trunk,  
 Never, again John, to get drunk.

## SONG.

TUNES.—“YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE” AND  
“DAINTY DAVY.”

....

WHEN first maggie's ee its soft joys did im-  
part,  
And love's subtle snare fand the road to my  
heart,  
Unused to its arts, and the homage its paid,  
In innocent lays I address'd the fair maid.

But waes me I forgot to speer,  
Senseless laddie, senseless laddie.  
O Maggie's muckle land and gear,  
Unco senseless laddie.

For had I but ha' kend o' they,  
I might as weel ha' gone my way,  
And sought a bride some ither day,  
I kend na' this poor laddie.

Must love then forever be bought and be sold ?  
Must that tender passion be barter'd for gold ?  
If sae i'll ne'er purchase, those joys I must  
find,

Wha's centre's the heart, and wha's source is  
the mind.

Sae Maggie wi' your tochar gang,  
Dorty lassie, dorty lassie,  
I'll tak my cogie, sing my sang,  
Nor think upo' ye lassie.

I now can rant wi' heart at ease,  
Gang whar I like, and when I please,  
Ye never mair shall dare to tease  
Me wi' your tochar lassy.

TO MY FRIEND

## ALEXANDER R—GLE.

ON VISITING A FAVORITE SPRING OF HIS  
AT HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

....

ALEC' I've been to see thy spring,  
It's praises aft my muse shall sing,  
I'll name the hill, fra' which it passes,  
As my adopted famed Pernassus.  
And while great poets clime the nine,  
Yon humbler bonny brow be mine,  
And yon wee whimpling burn shall be  
'The famed pierean stream for me ;  
There will I sing of rosy hours,  
Of nature's favorite modest flowers,  
And shou'd I tak' a laftier bound,  
I'll sing thee liberty around ;  
The birds that chirm fra' tree to tree,

I 2



Will list as chronicals for me ;  
The burn that unobtrusive roams,  
To where a warld o' water foams,  
Shall boast as it steals to the sea,  
It's parent hill breathes liberty :  
But when the sweetest theme I'd prove,  
Thus wou'd I sing of darling love.

Oh Nanny come up to this hill,  
Close by this bonny gurg'ling rill ;  
There sit ye down and let me sing,  
'The seasons—first for bonny spring :  
I need but breathe that balmy sigh,  
As *May's* breath on my heart 'twill lye,  
And gaze upon that beauteous face,  
For *Summer* 'twill supply the place,  
That form where heaven's treasures dwell,  
Shall of a ripen'd *Autumn* tell ;  
But when chill *Winter* I'd unfold,  
Let me not say thy heart is cold.

When friendship plumes my muse's wing,  
Alec' my boy of thee I'll sing.

---

## A LETTER

FROM A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR.

.....

*Banks of Annan.*

DEAR MILLS,

I just had risen frae my brose,  
Had kam'd my head and tied my hose,  
And ta'en o' snuff a chearing dose,  
          Instead o' better,  
When in the post-boy pop'd his nose,  
          "Sir, here's a letter."

The Chester post-mark ! by my sawl,  
Wha'st fra ? I dinna ken the scrawl,  
I broke it up—and gied a bawl,  
          Maist tore the laft,  
The wife and weans 'gan to squall,  
          Thought I was daft.

O MILLS ! thou fav'rite o' the nine,  
Wha's brow, the laurel wreaths will twine,  
A Scotian muse bid'st thee incline,

A list'ning ear,

She's been a constant frien' o thine,  
This twa three year.

A worthy lad \* ye ken fu' weel,  
A noble minded gen'rous chiel,  
Wi' parts as bright, and heart as leel,

As e'er wore bonnet,

Has sent me aft to Annan's fiel'

Your poem an' sonnet.

Losh man ! wi' won'er and amaze,  
I read your bonny blythsome lays,  
We've seen nane sic sin' Robin's days,

Sae smooth an' pat,

I dinna speak in flatt'rin' phrase,

I tell thee that.

---

\* Mr. Thomas Donaldson, of Manchester.

Dear me, what joy my bosom fills,  
To hear thy sangs my canty MILLS,  
They'll ring out o'er the Highlan' hills,  
Ere it be lang,  
And help off monny Hawick gills,  
Faith wi' a bang.

What coof wi' stiffen'd shank wad sit,  
Wha wad na' rise and shake a fit,  
To hear your Cameron's rant—that's it  
I maist admire,  
I laugh till sides are like to split,  
And jawbones tire.

But when in soft pathetic lays,  
You sing the hapless Emma's praise,  
I'm torpid struck with wild amaze,  
At thoughts sae new,  
By Jove! you ought to wear the lays,  
By merit due.

“Man was not made to mourn”—’tis plain,  
You’ve prov’d it in a glorious strain,  
Tho’ faith I own it gives me pain,  
I here impart it,  
To see th’ immortal Ayrshire swain,  
Sae controvertit.

Gae on, dear MILLS, ye’ll never rue,  
The road to honor lays in view,  
The praises of the thinkin’ few,  
Is worth some fash ;  
As for the snarling critic crew,  
Ne’er mind their clash.

When your subscriptions are begun,  
May thousands to your standard run,  
And may your fame last, while the sun,  
O’er terra shines,  
Whilst av’rice digs beneath the grun,  
In search o’ mines.

As lang as thorns produces haws,  
As lang as fir trees harbour craws,  
As lang as frost and winter snaws,  
Each valley fills ;  
May Britons mention wi' applause,  
The name of MILLS.

But I hae done, I'll say no mair,  
My head wi' thinkin's grown quite sair,  
I've bit my nails, and ri'en my hair,  
T' indite this letter,  
Had mair wit fa'n to my share,  
It wad been better.

May I down mount Parnassus tumble,  
May a' I write be thought meer jumble,  
And ay in speaking maunt and mumble,  
If aught mair true is,  
Than that I am your servant humble,  
While STEWART LEWIS.

## IN ANSWER

TO

## STEWART LEWIS'S LETTER.

....

*Manchester.*

DEAR LEWIS,

I maun for ever rest your debtor,  
For sic a kind and flattering letter ;  
But, Sir, my muse sae high ye set her,  
Ye'll drive her daft,  
Back to plain sense I canna get her,  
She's i' the laft.

She's got sae drunk wi' pride she'll stagger,  
And faith she's grown an unco bragger ;  
'Tis fun to see her boldly swagger  
Up to the critic's,  
And cry tho' I try a' to gag her,  
" That for your witics."

“ I’ve got ae honest man, my frien’,  
 “ Ay ane, that mair than you hae seen,  
 “ And dauted by the muses been,  
     “ To take my part ;  
 “ And now ye may pike out your een,  
     “ Wi’ a’ my heart.”

But, Dear Sir, this is nae the strain,  
 By which she e’er can favour gain ;  
 Her manners must be far mair tame,  
     Ye can discern.  
 Altho’ ’tis you hae made her fain,  
     She’s much to learn.

An alien frae her native lan’,  
 For fourteen years, to try aff han’,  
 To mak’ her mother language stan’,  
     In poetry ;  
 She ne’er can do’t, and therefore maun  
     Mair modest be.

K



Yet she's a bold and daring jad,  
And fit to drive a body mad,  
If some excuse the hizzy had,

I shou'd na' mind.

"Stap, stap," the quean said, "Stay my lad,  
"An ane I'll find.

"Tho' young, I left our hether braes,

"To sing in ither climes my lays,

"I canna yet forget their ways,

"And how sae vaunty ;

"And pleasant pass'd my youthfu' days,

"Then a' was canty.

"I mind, dear Scotia, a' thy charms,

"The thought, e'en now, my bosom warms,

"And in thy praises thus it arms,

"To sound thy cause,

"Fearless of critics' vain alarms,

"Or false applause.

“ If then you blame my daring spirit,  
“ The cause, the shame, must partly share it ;  
“ I Dinna care, I still prefer it,  
“ And a’ my days,  
“ Whether I have, or have not merit,  
“ Sing Scotia’s praise.”

Well, Sir, I think, that this excuse,  
Maun save her frae some sma’ abuse,  
And pardon your being sae profuse,  
In your great praise ;  
Sae therefore thank you for my muse,  
Her master says.

Now for the present, Sir, adieu,  
And shou’d my lass bring forth ought new,  
Right joyfully I’ll sen’ it you :  
And faith it fills  
My heart wi’ joy, to tell you true,  
I’m yours, JOHN MILLS.

## WRITTEN

IN THE

BIRTH-DAY BOOK AT MRS. TREVOR'S,

BOOT INN, CHESTER, 1802.

....

WILL ye, my friends, accept the wish,  
Of ane wha's name's amang ye ;  
Wha's inmost thought—if ye might read,  
Cou'd never mean to wrang ye.

Nae fulsome flattery guides my pen,  
For flattery here ye'd laugh at ;  
Nor interested motives ken,  
For them ye'd surely skaff at.

May a' your birth days that's to come,  
Be blest, be guid and happy ;  
And may ye never want some friends,  
To drink't in Trevor's nappy.

As hatred, discontent, and strife,  
Ye've banish'd fra ye'r kitchen,  
May mirth and friendship tak their place,  
And a' your hearts grow rich in.

For me I ask nae mair than this,  
Let fortune, as she will come,  
Where'er I gang let me but meet,  
An honest Chester welcome.

## THE FOY ;

OR,

SCOTCH INVITATION TO A PARTING KISS.

....

IN Scotland they ha' got a way,  
How it got foot I canna' say,  
But yet it serves to mak folks gay—

Wi' mirth and joy ;

'Tis in great vogue this vara day,  
They ca't a Foy.

Then come, my frien's, to sic like treat,  
For friensship here you're sure to see't,  
And wi' that pleasure ye wad meet—

Tak leave o' me.

'Tis better part wi' joy—than greet,  
And grunt and die.

**AWAY YE TRIFLES.**

....

**AWAY**, ye trifles ! catch the lighter air,  
Dwell not 'midst satires, damp, and foggy  
streams ;

Where criticism, tho' scarce a breath to spare,  
Can with one puff destroy thy fairy dreams.

Join thou the crew where love and mirth pre-  
side,

Where youth's unwrinkled brow shall greet  
thy pains ;

Where joy, and glee, and harmony reside,  
Nor meet with frowning learning's, harsh  
disdains.

**Away ! away !** and join the youthful crew !  
With simple garb in modesty array'd ;

Make them believe thus speaking, thou say'st  
true,

“ One smile from them thy labour's over-  
pay'd.”

*FINIS.*

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**ERRATUM.**

**In the 13 line of the 17 page for "College"  
read "Cottage".**

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